

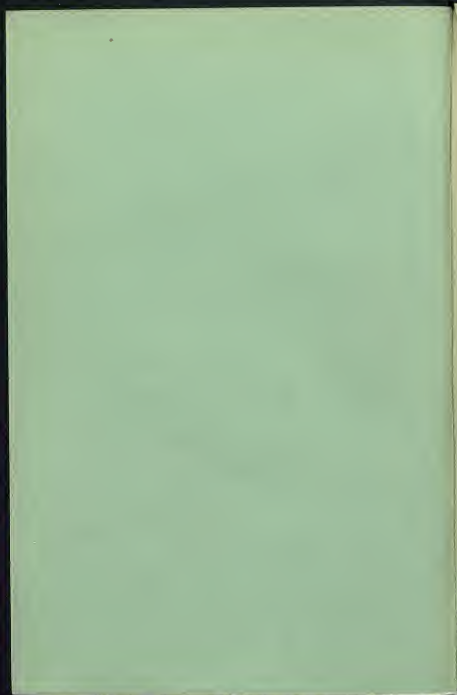


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EDITORIAL

The decline in the standard of copy submitted for this issue has been most marked; the failure of the competitions arranged is the measure of a perceptible descent from the comparatively flourishing state in which the last three issues of 'Second Wessex' were published. The magazine has never enjoyed wide support, or received copy from more than a limited number of students and staff. Most people willingly agree that it is vital for the University to produce a magazine of this sort: unless more are prepared to write for it and buy it, the future must be seriously reconsidered.

The Editor again thanks all who sent copy. He is grateful to those ladies and gentlemen who agreed to judge the phantom competitions; to Mrs. Farleigh for typing out the copy of this and the previous issue, to Mr. John Newson for designing the cover, to Miss Joyce Coleman for help with proof-reading; and to his staff, whose advice and support have been invaluable.

The Editor next session will be Mr. Peter Harrington.

Readers are asked to support our advertisers, without whose support it would be impossible to produce the magazine in its present form.

HAMPSHIRE AND THE FRENCH 'ARMADA' OF 1545

The French invasion-fleet which sailed from Havre on July 16th, 1545, and appeared off the coast of the Isle of Wight on the following day has received much less historical publicity than the Spanish Armada of 1588. Yet the French challenge was perhaps hardly less serious than that of the Spaniards. The French fleet comprised nearly twice as many ships and carried three times as many men as the Invincible Armada. The total tonnage of the French fleet was probably, but not certainly, less than that of Spain, but its aim was more direct. The strategy of the Spanish expedition was linked with the embarkation of the Duke of Parma's army in the Netherlands; the French ships, on the other hand, carried their own invasion-army, had a much shorter sea-journey and were thus much less at the mercy of wind and storm, and less encumbered by supply-vessels. Moreover, the French, in 1545, were faced by no English naval commander of the calibre of Howard or Drake.

The Admiral of France, D'Annibault, had under his command as large a fleet as the Narrow Seas had ever seen. He had assembled at Havre and neighbouring ports a fleet of 150 large merchant-vessels and 60 small coastal galleys. He was joined by 25 large galleys from the Mediterranean, under skilled captains like Paul, Baron de la Garde, and Leone Strozzi, Admiral of the galleys of Rhodes, one of the most famous galley-commanders of his time. A force of 60,000 men was embarked, and the fleet sailed towards the east coast of the Isle of Wight, making for Spithead and Portsmouth.

From the English standpoint, the attack was not unexpected. As early as 1539, an English Admiral, William Fitzwilliam, had surveyed naval stores at Portsmouth and inspected the approaches to the Isle of Wight and Southampton Water. This was in the face of a threat of joint-invasion of England by the Habsburg Emperor Charles V, and King Francis I of France. Fitzwilliam planned a chain of gun-towers to harass the approach of an invading fleet to Spithead and Solent.

To guard the westerly approach to Southampton Water, towers were constructed at Yarmouth on the island, and at Hurst, opposite, on the mainland. There was less than three miles of channel between the shingly promontory of Hurst and Yarmouth harbour. A fortress at Calshot and two others at East and West Cowes were set up to guard the entrance to Southampton Water; a castle overlooking the bay was built at Sandown and further gun-towers were added to the fortifications of Portsmouth. Sir William Paulet, having acquired the estates of Netley Abbey, built, with royal permission, a private fortress—the first Netley Castle—looking out on Southampton Water.

The usual form of these Tudor blockhouses was a tower with a gun-platform facing the sea and living-quarters and a storehouse in the rear. A small garrison of gunners was assigned to each tower, usually under the command of a captain. The guns installed were short, heavy siege-guns—curtals, demi-culverins and bases, the heaviest weighing perhaps a ton and firing a 100 lb. shot.

The work of erecting and equipping the fortresses took two or three years. Stone and lead were taken from the sites of suppressed abbeys, and limestone from Binstead was quarried for some of the island forts. In the meantime, the temporary reconciliation between Charles V and Francis I had come to an end, and England joined the Emperor in war against France. An invasion of France planned for the summer of 1544 was only partly successful. The English expeditionary army was held-up by the coastal fortifications near Boulogne and the Emperor whose troops had penetrated further towards Paris deemed it wise to make a separate peace with the French King. England was left to carry on the war with France alone.

English forces captured Boulogne—a valuable addition to Calais—but Francis was preparing reprisals. Rumours of the planned French invasion reached Hampshire in May, 1545, and men were speedily mustered in all the southern counties. Over 6,000 Hampshire men provided the local militia, and about a third of these were sent to reinforce the men of the Isle of Wight. The English Admiral, Lord Lisle, having unsuccessfully tried to attack the French concentration off Havre, retired to Portsmouth, where he assembled a fleet of over 100 sailing-ships and a smaller number of armed row-barges.

The vanguard of the French fleet rounded St. Helen's Point on July 18th. For the next two days, the sailing-ships on both sides were mostly becalmed between St. Helen's and Portsmouth Harbour, but there was some skirmishing and exchange of fire between the oared galleys and the row-barges. Henry VIII was at Portsmouth with his Council conveying personal directions to the English Admiral.

On Sunday, July 12th, Henry was at dinner on board the English flag-ship, the 'Great Harry' when five French galleys appeared in the mouth of Portsmouth harbour. The King hurriedly disembarked whilst the galleys rowed with impunity out of effective range. On the same evening, the English sailing-ships moved a little out of harbour helped by a slight breeze and the 'Marie Rose' foundered and sank with the loss of nearly 500 men whilst manœuvring for a broadside against the French galleys.

Meanwhile, the French soldiers were becoming impatient for action, and D'Annibault gave orders for small groups to be landed on the Isle of Wight—at St. Helens, Sandham and Bonchurch. These landing-parties burned a number of houses but were forced to withdraw to their boats by the counter-attacks of the local militia. A French nobleman, the Chevalier d'Aux, was killed when leading a party to obtain fresh water in the hinterland of Sandy Bay.

By Wednesday, July 22nd, the French Admiral was losing heart. He had failed to draw the English fleet out to an open battle, and without a favourable wind he could not bring his main sailing ships closer to Portsmouth Harbour. His troops wanted to entrench themselves in force on the island, but D'Annibault saw the dangers of their position unless he could first cripple the English navy. Moreover, victuals were running short and sickness had broken out among his men.

Taking advantage of a westerly wind, the great French fleet sailed towards Selsea Bill and took soundings of the depth of Chichester Harbour. Near Seaford, in Sussex, some 1,500 Frenchmen were landed—'harquebusiers and pikemen'. Again, little more than the burning of a few cottages was accomplished and the French withdrew in face of a motley force of a few hundred locally-mustered men.

The English Admiral stayed in Portsmouth supervising attempts to salvage the 'Marie Rose', and awaiting more ships from west-country ports. D'Annibault sailed along the coasts of Kent and Sussex and then headed for Boulogne. The struggle between the two Admirals—despite the large forces employed—was no naval epic. It continued until the latter part of August when both fleets met off Shoreham only to fight a very desultory action. After this, the French sailed back to Havre and the English to Portsmouth.

The French King reprimanded his Admiral and dismissed his Captain of the Gallies for their failure to make an effective landing on English soil. Lisle came out of the conflict with scarcely more credit. His only plan at Portsmouth had been to attempt to force the main French ships on to the sand-banks east of the Isle of Wight, but with little or no wind in the first two days, this was not put into operation. He gave no chase when the French fleet sailed eastwards up the Channel.

The French attempt of 1545 had an echo in 1588 for it was expected in England that the Spaniards would first try to seize the Isle of Wight as an operational base in mid-Channel. Drake,

with a following wind, harassed the Spanish galleons to prevent an anchorage off the island and also try to drive them on the sand-banks. The ineffective leadership of D'Annibault was followed by that of Medina Sidonia.

Such credit as there was in 1545 must be given to the Hampshire and Sussex 'home-guards' who resisted the landing-parties. It is not unlikely that the story of their exploits heartened the next generation of local men who saw the Spanish Armada off the Isle of Wight in 1588.

J. KENNEDY

THERE IS A FACE

There is a face bobbing insistently
Into my deeper consciousness,
Above a torrent of commonplace features,
Lifted by the wind, embraced and outlined
By the warmth of the exploring sun.
Not a face to launch a ship,
I venture to think, but different somehow,
With a difference, striking but inexpressible—
Which hangs, slow-shifting, a tracery
Of smoke upon the air, and will not go.
Many another face will pass
Once gone forgotten—and classical
In rule and regularity, as this is;
Yet this alone will be remembered,
Each trick of curve and line in the mind's eye,
As a maddening wave of melody,
Casually breasted, persists long after.

M. D. W. GOWERS

THE PLACE OF ARCHAEOLOGY

In the opening paragraph of my last book, *Archæology in the Field*, I said that 'the conception of archæology which I and most of my colleagues in this country hold is quite a new thing, and it has hardly had time as yet to influence the thought of educated people and to become a normal part of their outlook on the world'. It was then necessary to clear the ground of current misconceptions of archæology, replacing them by the correct one. Archæology is a method of discovering the human past before written documents are available, and when they are, of checking and supplementing them. Archæology is concerned with men, not things; more accurately, it is concerned with things (which we call artifacts) merely as aids to reconstructing the life of those who made them. No one but a fanatic would claim that everyone should learn the technique of archæology; what I do claim is that every well educated person should at least have a dim knowledge of what we archæologists are trying to do and how we do it, and a rather clearer knowledge of what we have done during the last hundred years. He should know that when we dig it is not to obtain 'treasures' but evidence, particularly evidence of age, and that digging is a skilled technique. His knowledge of the results achieved by this technique need not of course be profound, but he should be aware of their existence, and that while there remain gaps to be filled and doubtless minor errors to be corrected, the main outlines have been firmly drawn. We now know our own ancestry and that of our civilisation. We know when and where the latter began and are beginning to know what made it possible.

All this knowledge is very new; it has been acquired within the life of some who are yet living. Modern archæology began with Boucher de Perthes' discovery of human artifacts—stone axes—in the Abbeville gravels. That was authenticated in 1859, when our neighbour Mrs. Carré of Nursling House was a little girl of seven and just before Alice entered Wonderland. Why was Boucher de Perthes' discovery so epoch-making? Because it inaugurated a new and revolutionary method. Hitherto knowledge of the past had been derived from books and writings, and principally from the Bible. Rich, Rawlinson and Layard had unearthed monuments and inscriptions in Assyria, but they were used to illustrate biblical history, not to replace and still less to controvert it. Boucher's axes told their own story, which was incontrovertible. They said that the human race was very much older than was then believed. They cast doubts upon the story of Genesis, and upon the chronology of Bishop Ussher which had acquired an almost canonical sanctity. Archæology had broken the tyranny of books and achieved its independence. A new instrument of research had been invented which was wholly independent of any other. Sub-

sequent progress elaborated its use and led to the discovery of new techniques, but all of them followed the same method. The thing found is made to tell its own story which is revealed by its own associations, and chiefly by means of stratification.

Geology advanced along similar lines. Like archaeology, it is based upon stratification, fossils taking the place of artifacts. It was when geology came in contact with human artifacts that the bomb exploded. Boucher de Perthes' discovery was the detonator, for the proof of age was geological.

The reason why this new method is so important is that it has replaced speculation. From Plato to Rousseau philosophers had elaborated theories of human origins, of what might have happened; Boucher and his successors have revealed what actually did happen.

When it came to reconstructing the life of prehistoric man it was found that much help could be obtained by studying the life of existing primitive communities. The method has its dangers but they can be avoided if one is aware of them. Every archaeologist can profit by a little first-hand experience of primitive life.

So much for the method—what archaeologists are doing and how they do it; what about the results? Obviously I cannot now do more than mention one or two of the more important ones. Schliemann and Evans revealed a whole new cycle of civilisation in the Aegean region—a civilization about which we now know more than did the Greeks of classical times. I think everyone who can associate Troy with Homer and the *Iliad*, even though his knowledge may extend no further, should associate it also with Schliemann; nor do I see why Arthur Evans should not be as legitimate in a cross-word problem as Minos. I am not, of course, suggesting that composers of these problems should broaden the scope of their selection; they have to take their public as they find it—or as they think it is. I am not sure whether they would pass Flinders Petrie and I am quite sure they would exclude Tylor, Pitt-Rivers, Haverfield and Koldewey. This means that educated people are not expected ever to have heard of these people. (Note that they are also not supposed to have heard of many famous men in other branches of knowledge.) Tylor founded a new branch of science—the study of primitive human culture. Pitt-Rivers and Petrie introduced method into archaeology; and Petrie revolutionized our knowledge of Egyptian civilisation and revealed its origins. Haverfield created a new subject—Roman Britain—out of a chaotic mess. Koldewey did for Mesopotamia what Petrie had done for Egypt.

Since their time new techniques have been invented—air-photography, dendrochronology, pollen analysis, varve analysis,

radiocarbon. Remains of the oldest men and pre-men have been found in Europe, Asia and Africa. A new and unsuspected civilisation has been brought to light in India. The oldest food-producing village has been found at Jarmo in Iraq and dated by three radiocarbon tests to about 4750 B.C. Miss Kenyon has found that Jericho was a walled city about the same time, before pottery was invented. Are these discoveries important? Are they interesting? Are they even known to most people?

After discovery and analysis comes synthesis. By far the most brilliant synthesis in humanist studies is that of Professor Gordon Childe who has shown how civilisation originated. For a thousand centuries and more men had lived the wandering life of hunters, without leisure or the power to accumulate surplus products. When they learnt to grow corn they could have both. Invention followed hard upon leisure, and urban life and civilisation then developed quickly out of the self-sufficient village. These conclusions are drawn from a large body of carefully observed and published facts revealed by excavation; in that respect they differ from the speculations of an earlier age, for instance, all the rubbish that Rousseau wrote about the Social Contract which we had to learn at Oxford. Professor Childe's synthesis has now been before the public for 16 years; it has been recognised as well founded and is now accepted by nearly all fellow students. It touches on a critical period in the history of human society; what happened about the fifth millennium in the Mesopotamian region decided the form of social organisation for the next millennia.

I have purposely confined my absurdly inadequate sketch of methods and results to the broadest outline and to what is generally accepted by qualified critics. So far as I have developed an argument at all it is based upon the nature of the results, leaving you to fill in the gaps, and to decide whether you think general knowledge should include archaeology. Let me suggest to you a test question: Which would you prefer to know about—the things usually asked in a general knowledge paper, or some of the things I have just been describing? Whatever your answer may be, I have no anxiety about the future of archaeology. We archaeologists are on the up grade by whatever standards you judge us—results, technique, popularity, morale, even mere numbers; and we have youth on our side. We are optimists in a defeatist world. Whether or not we agree with a recent writer in the *Sunday Observer* (25th Jan., 1953) that 'ours is the last, declining phase of Western culture' and that what he calls 'the arts' are doomed to perish, we refuse to be downcast and moan about it. Mr. Hyams is generalizing on a rather slender basis. He says the arts only just manage to survive in parts of Europe and are dead in others; but, as his context shows, what

he really means is that the Writer, with a capital W, finds it difficult to sell his wares. Judging by some of those that have been sold, I am not surprised. If you have nothing to say it is better to keep silent. Perhaps I had better conclude on that note. It is not for me to make any practical proposals for I am a prophet, not a professor, and in any case this is the occasion rather for friendly than unsparing criticism.

DR. O. G. S. CRAWFORD, O.B.E., F.B.A.

THE HERO For F.A.

It is not that I desired to recreate
the past, and you its hero,
like a story in a schoolboy's magazine,
yet, with mind bemused by heat of fire,
I could not visualize my youth
of three weeks' growth of beard on chin
without your image overcame th' amorous regrets,
(the visions of eminent career;)
and once again I stood in solid phalanx
at a football match, or lay reclined
on grassy bank, my mind made wary
by the hollow crack of cricket bat,
or, later, as the day declined,
reposed against the dying heat of wall
while you with nonchalant aplomb
recalled a miracle of twinkling feet,
a graceful casualness of wrist, recounted
the women you neglected for the wine,
authority defied with negligence of king.
And, then, today I gripped your hand
which once could crush my hand like wheel a stone
and found the centre gone
—its sole support crustacean skin—
and I suppose that one day I will learn to say
that each man ripens in his time
and then decays, and even build a heaven
fit for kings; but now I'd play the coward
with my eyes and know that death has had his joke,
for you who once threw gauntlet at his feet,
must now await, like empty shell,
the final crushing blow of foot.

P. A. W. HARRINGTON.

FILM SCENARIO

The completed scenario*, or shooting script, from which these fragments were taken, was suggested by an anecdote in D. H. Lawrence's novel 'The White Peacock'. They are intended, more than anything else, to familiarise the reader with the 'syntax' of the film.

*A scenario for a silent film 'Half Moon Bay' (1950), by the present writer.

Synopsis: —

'HALF MOON BAY'

A strong young fellow, who works on the docks, sees and eventually meets a young, fragile, and beautiful girl from a near-by village. They meet again and again and fall in love. When he is at work she hovers about him, never far away.

They quarrel, as the result of another man, but are reconciled and one day, by the beach, he kisses her passionately.

The following day she goes alone to the docks to meet him. She is surprised by the 'other man' and hurries to the place where her lover is working. Unwittingly he injures her fatally as he operates his crane.

She stumbles away; and after searching for her endlessly he finds her near the beach. He tries to carry her to safety but as he crosses the beach she dies. The sea surrounds them and they are drowned.

The 'other man' gazes out to sea.

- (l.s.)* Silhouette of the couple sitting on top of the cliffs. The sky sweeps behind them. The girl lies back.
- (c.u.) Her head and shoulders, she smiles and laughs. Back of the Youth's head moves into the frame, he leans down and rests his head by her's.
- (c.u.) Their heads together, upside down.
- (l.s.) Lying together.
- (l.s.) Two labourers digging a grave.
- (c.u.) The Youth's face, intense.
- (c.u.) Only her eyes and mouth, she laughs.
- (m.s.) From the girl's viewpoint, his face moves forward into the camera, the image is distorted, the screen held black momentarily.
- (c.u.) A shovel is removed from the camera revealing a partly dug grave. Soil is thrown aside.
- (m.s.) The loose soil in a mound by the side of the grave. Spray passes the camera.

- (c.u.) Church bells, a huge black mass, move slightly then stop.
 (l.s.) Sea washes in surrounding a seagull standing in the sand.
 Fade.

-
- (l.s.) Sea surges forward, breakers roll into the camera.
 (l.s.) The Youth runs forward, the camera panning as he splashes through the water and disappears. We see the waves. He returns carrying the girl, her hair is wet, it sweeps the sand, her face hangs downwards, she is injured.
 (c.u.) As he begins to run the camera follows his legs which stagger and sink in the wet sand.
 (m.s.) Tracking backwards, above and in front of him. He runs faster with the heavy weight in his arms. The camera travels back faster and faster until he is out of sight, only water is visible in the cracks of the sand.
 (l.s.) Sea begins to encircle them. In the distance he runs forward a few paces and collapses exhausted. The sky is dark and angry, the water creeps in endlessly, the horizon line is low.
 (c.u.) Camera tilts from the girl's face, in pain, to the Youth's face as he looks at her hopelessly, then past the camera into the distance.
 (m.s.) Waves thud against the rocks.
 (l.s.) From a general view of the sea the camera pans to the Youth's face in the right of the frame.
 (m.s.) Sea rushes in ceaselessly.
 (l.s.) Rising to his feet he lifts the girl.
 (m.s.) Waves strike the rocks.
 (c.u.) Looking down on the Youth's stricken face.
 (c.u.) Waves.
 (c.u.) Waves.
 (c.u.) Waves.
 (c.u.) Looking down on the Youth's stricken face.
 (m.s.) Dodgem car travels forward and crashes into another. Sparks fly and the occupants wave their arms as it strikes the camera and shakes the image.
 (c.u.) Camera tracks into the Youth's wild eyes.
 (m.s.) The 'Other' man moves through the fairground accompanied by a blonde and a brunette. They pass slot machines and juke boxes.
 (m.s.) Face of a laughing clown is enlarged until it fills the screen.
 (m.s.) Circle of people watching the clown, their heads pass before the circling camera—head—clown—head—clown—head—clown.

- (m.s.) Circling the two helpless figures on the sand beneath. The Youth leans over the girl.
- (c.u.) His face in the left of the frame, the sea surging in on the right, he looks at her imploringly as the spray lashes his face.
- (c.u.) Her head on the sand, she raises her arm to his shoulder in the right of the frame.
- (c.u.) Relief on the Youth's face.
- (c.u.) Bending forward he brushes her cheek.
- (m.s.) Circling the two helpless figures on the sand beneath.
- (l.s.) Moon appears from behind black clouds.
- (c.u.) Large fists punching a hanging ball.
- (m.s.) Surrounded by admiring friends the 'Other' smashes the ball faster.
- (c.u.) Expression of concentration on the 'Other's' face.
- (c.u.) Large fists punching a hanging ball.
- (l.s.) Circling the two helpless figures on the sand beneath, the sea almost surrounds them now.
- (m.s.) Camera tracking behind the 'Other' as he approaches a rifle range.
- (m.s.) We see him approaching from the other side of the counter. He selects a rifle, views the target and acknowledging his companion's jibes raises the gun to his face.
- (m.s.) The rotating target, a squat, grinning Toby jug.
- (m.s.) The 'Other' takes aim.
- (c.u.) The punch ball swinging to and fro stops.
- (l.s.) The camera circling the two figures on the sand beneath stops.
- (c.u.) The Youth stares in horror at the girl.
- (c.u.) The girl's face twisted in pain, a trickle of blood oozes from her mouth.
- (c.u.) The 'Other' aims, perspiration on his face, eyes dilated, finger on the trigger mechanism. Low angle lateral shot.
- (c.u.) Target.
- (c.u.) Attendant stops chewing.
- (c.u.) Blonde.
- (c.u.) Brunette.
- (c.u.) Grinning Jug.
- (c.u.) Finger on trigger—Pressure.
- (c.u.) The grinning teeth are gutted, the eyeballs fall out.
- (c.u.) The girl's eyes close and her head falls to one side.
- (l.s.) Moon passes swiftly across the sky and out behind the clouds.
- (m.s.) Laughing face of the clown rushes forward swinging from side to side.

- (m.s.) The 'Other' smiles in triumph, the shadows of the revolving targets flicker across his face. Low angle lateral tilt shot.
- (m.s.) The sea is still and the sky is clearing. Slowly the Youth's head rises into the frame and after a few seconds drops out of sight.

- (l.s.) The sea, early morning.
- (m.s.) Lateral tilt shot from behind the 'Other' as he sits on the jetty gazing out to sea thoughtfully.
- (m.s.) In front of him. He takes a cigarette stump from behind his ear and lights it. Lateral tilt shot.
- (l.s.) Lateral tilt shot of the sea.
- (m.s.) As the 'Other' draws at the stump a laterally tilted camera tracks in from the back and side to his face in profile. The shot is held.
- (m.s.) His reflection in a pool of water, it stirs slightly and the image is distorted.
- (m.s.) Low angle lateral tilt shot from below the jetty. He takes a draw with an expression of finality throws the stump to the ground below.
- (m.s.) Stump hits the pool, a wisp of smoke rises, it sizzles and is extinguished.
- (c.u.) A cloud of smoke fills the screen, it clears to reveal the 'Other's' face tilted laterally in the frame.
- (l.s.) Lateral tilt shot of the sea.
- (m.s.) He rises from his seat and walks off.
- (l.s.) A deserted promenade. The 'Other' walks into the distance. A couple embrace by a lamp post. He walks on. Slowly the laterally tilted camera returns to a horizontal plane and rises vertically above the promenade. Slow fade.

THE END

* *Approximate distance of the camera from the subject or object :*
 (l.s.) Long Shot; (m.s.) Medium Shot; (c.u.) Close Up.

ALAN HARVEY.

FOR, E.A.M.

Starting the journey was easy, too easy
For the young traveller in love's green country;
The clear ways worn by former voyagers were
Pleasant to follow and the young stranger kind.

Metamorphosed were the quiet knives into
Shepherd's clod-pole crook; and the stranger's clay feet
Hid his cleft hoofs double evil message
Of her long coming pain - - - -

And she will come at last to a place where the
Green sap dies in the strangled sapling,
Where the angular faces cry through the rain,
And Love her Great Captain, her Prince-at-arms,
Runs howling through the desert; the empty plain.

PETER J. KENT

THE PADRE: A CHARACTER STUDY

He did not really come as a surprise; for, even if only lightly in places, the confined world of our T.B. ward was clothed in unreality and most people seemed larger than life.

The ward had one open side, so that we could see the Padre as he came toddling down the path to see us. He was a shortish man in his seventies, with what had been a compact body, now losing some of its flesh. His face was still well preserved, with a ruddy, weather-beaten look, though a lifetime's overfondness for port could have given it the same colour. An old, black felt hat, replaced in sunny weather by a panama, the obvious friend of many summers, a black alpaca jacket and rather worn grey trousers easily distinguished him from neatly uniformed nurses and white-coated doctors, while his off-white dog collar marked him shabbily, but unmmistakably, as a clergyman.

At least once a day, instead of using the path, he would come through the ward on the way to his rooms from the chapel or his office: not to ask each one of us dutifully how we were, but almost unnecessarily to see one of the nurses, who was to play at the Sunday service, or more obviously just to talk to anyone. Possessing the dramatic qualities of his calling, he always sought an audience: and, whenever possible, he would seek a live one in the wards, for its members were appreciative, or at least indulgent, not like the ghosts he was sometimes forced to play to in the loneliness of his rooms, where the dead audience often upset him with interruptions and comments on people and events best forgotten.

Smiling in a scholarly way, he would wander vaguely past a few beds and throw out a few general remarks—about the astonishingly mild January we were having, or about the exceptionally profuse apple blossoms then to be seen—which always seemed like the few practice notes a musician plays to ensure his instrument is tuned correctly before the recital begins. Then the Padre would turn to a particular person, whom he remembered as a good listener, and with him as the front row of the audience, the dramatic performance began. It was nothing less once he thus warmed to his talking, with his use of one's interjections merely as applause between the various items on his programme.

One never knew what he might talk about. It might be of the Royal Flower Show he had been to the day before; of Chinese numismatics; of a textual difficulty in the Aeniad; of the lethal powers of weapons in the Napoleonic Wars; of the Fairbairn style of rowing. Everything he knew, and he had absorbed much in seventy years of avid, if indiscriminate, reading was jumbled together in his memory, and the strong flow of his talking often carries a strange miscellany of items into his dramatic programmes,

as often incongruous pieces of wreckage, from a flooded house, are found floating together side by side on the flood waters. One could be certain, however, that he would never exhort anyone to lead a (more) Christian life, or to take (more) interest in his Sunday services, though he often talked of church history in an academic way and was especially interested in religious ceremonies. One Good Friday in the chapel, he led a service of the 'Nine Candles', of which no-one had heard before but which it was strongly suspected, was of his composition, inspired by ideas from the Greek Orthodox Church and Nordic Sagas.

From a well-to-do Victorian family and educated at a Public School and at Cambridge in the nineties, the Padre could not conceive of England without the Public School system and the Christian Faith for its main supports. The niceties of religious doctrine, or the fundamentals which divide the English and Roman Churches, however, meant little to him, for in one way he had been born many years before his time. If not in behaviour, at least in belief, he was the priest of a Utopian theocracy, where all good men would be drawn together by the bonds of the love and beneficence of a Christian God to worship side by side in one united Church. But the many other parts that made up this man showed that he had also been born after his time: for also combined in him were the Renaissance prelate, and the scholar and man of leisure who was so often found in the early Victorian parsonage.

One could hardly see him playing the part of the usual hospital chaplain, always disgustingly healthy and vigorous in his honorary role of entertainments and welfare officer. The Padre saw his work to perform the statutory services on Sunday, though a few high spirited nurses often made his evensong more of a religious entertainment than an act of worship, with the other six days to be used for the pursuit of scholarship and the other interests of the cultured man of leisure. He specialised in Ancient History, but also, peculiarly, regarded himself as a Sociologist. He was engaged in writing a book on 'The Haves and Have-Nots', of which he could not understand why the Mss. of the first two volumes had been rejected by all the known publishing houses: the reason for the rejection of the various tracts he had written for the S.P.G. was obviously because they were too intelligent for the general public.

Signs of his kinship with a Renaissance prelate were often seen. When talking with some of the rougher members of the ward he would often use expletives that were certainly outside the range of the mild damn indulgently permitted to the modern parson. And then on one occasion, discussing Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, he demonstrated how he, in contrast, would have

snubbed his nose at Hitler. He would not have bandied words: fire first and ask afterwards was his motto. He would have fitted admirably into the Pope's sixteenth century Italian Wars. In the van, he would have galloped with his cassock tucked underneath his armour, and his bible in his back pocket. And his cloth would not have prevented any of the usual activities after dinner in camp. Many a patient had been glad of his advice at a decisive moment in a game of pontoon, when Sister had been off-duty. It was suspected, too, by many in the hospital that he lingered far too long over his after-dinner port; unfortunately his alcoholic pleasures became public knowledge one day when he was in bed with a slight illness. A Sister found him snoring loudly, a distinctive smell in the room and an empty bottle of gin under the bed.

The man, of course, was a disgrace to the hospital and to the Church. But in a T.B. ward, boredom and frustration are man's worst enemies; they fled at the Padre's approach. Consequently, the National Health Service was heavily indicted by the ward when regulations did not permit the hospital to have a full-time chaplain. The Padre was forced to go and assist in a suburban Church; how unsuccessfully we did not need to be told.

JOHN SAMWAYS.

POEME

Les jours sont si blancs
Si noires les nuits
Car depuis longtemps
Ma vie oscille
Entre mon désenchantement
Et mon ennui.

J.C.

BIRTHDAY

The year opens, and the ground, bound
Long winter, hath now found its green;
Teem the beech barks as the sap,
Freed, rises; and the stream,
From iron hands unclenched, struggles
Over pebbles, as the ice,
From its vice of cold released,
Slides free. Earth warms,
And the soil, with turmoil
Of seeds splitting, heaves hard.
Crust cracks, and under stone
Thrusts up the wilful blade.
Stone tips, is pushed aside,
And into air, sure of stride
With power's pride, the green grows.

J. D. COLEMAN

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

At the beginning of the last century, one of the most well known of local traditions in England was the legend of the 'Mistletoe Bough'. Several mansions in various parts of the country claimed to be the home of the story, but none of these supposed connections could be proved. The story achieved such popularity that within twenty years several versions appeared in local histories and in songs and in 1834, a play called 'The Mistletoe Bough' or 'The Fatal Chest' was produced at the Garrick Theatre.

The most gruesome version of the story is given by Duthy in his 'Sketches of Hampshire', 1839. A young bride and her husband were celebrating their marriage in company with a large number of guests, when the bride grew tired of dancing. It was apparently the custom at wedding feasts for the bride to hide herself at some time during the celebrations, and for the husband to try to find her. Accordingly, she sought a suitable hiding place. 'Desiring more effectively to elude pursuit of her companions, she stole away to ensconce herself in an ancient massy chest which she had discovered in some remote and obscure part of the mansion.'

The search commenced, but neither her husband nor any of the guests could find any trace of her :

'Her absence, at first little noticed, at length gave great alarm, and anxious search was instituted which alas! proved ineffectual, nor was her fate known nor her remains discovered until after Death had long banquetted upon his victim.'

The lid of the chest had slipped as she was getting into it, and its elaborate spring lock had closed upon her.

One of the earliest versions of the legend does not suggest an English source at all. During his extensive travels on the Continent, Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, visited Modena in North Italy. In his poem published in 1830, he claims to have seen at Modena the actual chest in which the bride hid and even a painting of her approaching the chest. The bride in this case was Ginevra, daughter of the Duke of Orsini; she married Francesco, a member of the famous Doria family. At the bridal feast, someone noticed that she was absent: a frantic search was organised but all was in vain :

' . . . Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.'

Fifty years later, the house changed hands; a chest was found 'mid the old lumber' and the new owners decided to get rid of it. As they were carrying it downstairs, however, it burst open, disclosing a skeleton :

'All else had perished save a nuptial ring,
and a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both—
"Ginevra"—There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever.'

In a note at the end of the poem Rogers adds: 'This story is, I believe, founded on fact though the time and place are uncertain. Many old houses in England lay claim to it.'

The legend derives its name from the refrain of a popular ballad by Thomas Haynes Bayley, a song writer of the 1830's:

'Oh! sad was her fate! In sportive jest
She hid from her lord in an old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and the bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!'

This version has an English setting and Bayley seems to associate the legend with Christmas:

'The mistletoe being in the Castle Hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall,
The baron's retainers were blithe and gay
Keeping their Christmas holiday!'

The ballad was set to music by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop and was well known in the South of England as a Christmas carol. It is still found in some collections of Christmas Music.

More than a dozen houses in England have, at one time or another, sought a connection with the legend of these, Marwell Hall at Owslebury, near Winchester, seems the most likely source. Duthy supports this claim, and the fact that Bayley was educated at Winchester College, only five miles away, probably indicates that his song was founded on an assumed association with Marwell. Several local historians of the early nineteenth century, record that the chest was still to be seen in the hall, but all trace of it has been lost since 1855.

At Bawdrip, near Bridgewater in Somerset, there is a tomb to Eleanor Lovell who died on June 14th, 1681. Her epitaph reads: 'Her most sorrowing husband mourned her, taken away by a sudden and untimely fate at the very time of the marriage celebrations'. Local tradition has always associated this with the Mistletoe Bough legend, although there is no record of a chest and no likely house in the neighbourhood. It is supported by the fact that in Bayley's song, the husband's name is Lovel.

Until quite recently, it was believed that Bramshill House in the north of Hampshire, may have been the source of the legend. Some years ago, however, this was denied and a more interesting claim was put forward. All the other halls are unable to prove their connection by producing the chest: Bramshill on the other hand, renounces any direct connection, but claims to have the chest. In the early seventeenth century, Sir John Cope travelled throughout Europe, including in his tour a visit to Italy. On his return to England, he brought with him several pieces of furniture, among them a large chest which was later brought to Bramshill by his son. It is said to be still in the family and claimed as the original Mistletoe Bough Chest. This may well be a link with the Ginevra episode in Rogers' poem.

The age of the legend is quite as uncertain as its source. Some have said that there was a ballad, sung at the time of Queen Anne, which told a similar story: the instance at Bawdrip took place in 1681, but Rogers' poem suggests an earlier date. The picture of Ginevra which he mentions, in the house at Modena, was painted by Domenichino, who died in 1641, by which time the story must have been well known. The chest at Bramshill again supports Rogers, for Sir John Cope succeeded his brother in 1676, and by then he had long returned from Italy. The writers who claim to have seen the chest at Marwell say that it was of sixteenth or early seventeenth century work. Most of the evidence, therefore, points to a date considerably earlier than the death of Eleanor Lovell.

It seems almost incredible that an accident such as this could possibly have happened more than once. That it should be recorded at about the same time in two countries so widely separated as Italy and England is doubly curious. Yet it is difficult to dismiss either case as a mere re-casting of the other. Many of the similar instances claimed in England, can, however, be explained quite easily. An incident which took place at Minster Lovell in Oxfordshire, is perhaps the outstanding example. A girl died mysteriously in a secret room of the local manor house, and in time, her death became associated with the legend of the Mistletoe Bough. To later generations the fact that the husband's name in Bayley's song was Lovel, served as additional proof that Minster Lovell was in fact the house of the legend.

Nevertheless, in spite of the local traditions which have grown up since the legend became known, there seems little reason to doubt that an accident of this nature did take place at Marwell, and another at Modena. Contemporary evidence is, of course, almost impossible to find so that the chances of proving either case conclusively are rather remote. In 1879, however, a more

recent parallel was recorded which did much to discourage those who refused to believe that the legend could possibly have been founded on fact. The three sons of a Glasgow corn merchant were playing hide and seek with their friends. They hid together in a corn bin and, as in the earlier story, the lid slipped and imprisoned them. When they were eventually found, only the eldest was still alive.

LESLIE GREADY

A l'Etranger

In winter only do the old arrange parties

With an august night falling
The hot and eligible young
Already pass and repass
The cafés of the rue Michelet
Without formal encounter.
After the climb through shadowless streets
Breathless with bougainvillea
After the visit and the descent
One sat strangely among them
'They never failed with whom I danced
To solicit me while dancing'

And chose grenadine for remembrance.

RICHARD CODY

'CASTILLA'

'Africa begins at the Pyrenees'; Africa really begins at Burgos where the light becomes sharper and the colours more subtle, but as the train slipped over the border from Hendaye to Irún there was a marked change in atmosphere.

At the customs house I handed my papers to a tired-looking official who wrote slowly and resignedly like St. Peter at the Gate. A young man with dreaming eyes asked me a few questions and peered in a bored way into my case; the examination was at an end.

The train for Madrid was packed to capacity, and after leaving San Sebastian there wasn't room to run a mouse along the corridor.

The land of Guipúzcoa looked very lovely; everywhere were apple orchards, chestnut groves, high acacias, and in the valleys foaming streams and water mills. The mountains are gentle and misty; they spiral up into heaven as if turned by the flick of a wrist.

There were heavy showers at Hernani, and as night fell the lightening flashed from peak to peak; at Vitoria one could hear thunder.

My travelling companions were Spanish and Portuguese, and our conversation grew very animated; it developed into singing and when this subsided the food appeared and then they showed their spontaneous kindness.

At Burgos the Cathedral was flood-lit against the black sky, the night wind was cold. Here we bought 'agua gascosa' from the lads who run along the platform. This is a delicate strategem, for you have to lean from the window, drink and pay, often while the train is in motion.

It was seven o'clock when I awoke to see the Siena Guadarrama and the mist was curling up the deep ravines in silver circles and clinging to the slopes of red rock.

The longer I stayed in Madrid, the more I liked it, for the people are so natural, helpful and sympathetic. The city is full of sun and noise, the traffic is fast; antiquated black and red taxis scurry like beetles among the long blue trams which growl like sleepy bears, and the reeling covered carts drawn by slim-legged mules. Everywhere there is noise; radios blaring from open windows, the cries of the street vendors who could all compete with any sergeant major.

I visited the Retiro Park with its lake, the sanded shady paths and a profusion of oleanders and huge roses, and one morning I went to see the Ciudad Universitaria. This area was razed to the

ground during the Civil War, but in fourteen years they have made a University colony of amazing proportions.

My other visits included several museums, one visit to a Zarzuela, the Spanish Opera Bouffe, and one to the Prado. The El Greco pictures haunt me still; their subtle, flickering fire, their Byzantine atmosphere, the icy green which he used often, are unforgettable. The Velázquez section holds the attention long, those portraits of the royal princesses with their glimmer of rose and silver, the soft blonde hair, the shadow-filled background. The Goya paintings range from the gentle and the wistful to the phantasmagoria of 'Los Caprichios', and the astounding, almost pitiful court paintings in which Carlos IV looks like a bloated roué and his wife a broken-down music hall artiste.

The old quarter of Madrid is a network of cool alleys behind the Baroque Plaza Mayor. Here the old houses, which have tiny garret windows bright with flowers peeping out over the broad red roofs, still resist town development. Long flights of steps, gradénas, give fine views over the city. You look down onto the chimney pots and storks' nests, and out over the plain bathed in hard, flat sunshine, and you realize what a high, airy city Madrid is.

One day I boarded a train for Segovia and it rumbled out towards the Siena.

Castilla is a breathtaking land, sternly beautiful. It spreads in light white waves of earth where the tortured olive trees are almost the only green—dull green trees like strange posturing birds. There are dark arbutus thickets and high fronds of golden esparto grass silhouetted against the deep-eyed sky, an occasional ravine where a thin brown stream falls between grass-grown rocks.

The absence of human beings, of isolated movement is startling. There is the continuous movement of light, the quivering heat, the shadow of a feathery cloud gliding over the stubble fields, but there is no human activity. Perhaps the eye catches the jerky plunging movement of a herd of goats on the rocks, occasionally one sees a black-cloaked horseman far, far off, but he disappears over a hillock and again there is nothing, nothing but the rise and fall of the plain under the heat, the one continuity of plain and sky, the sharp contrasts of light and shade.

At Cercedilla and San Rafael there are lovely pine woods and ferns. The Siena itself is varied; some areas are like moors, paramos, with bright green grass, but these are rare, and mostly it is a jagged, splintered landscape, gashed by the sunlight.

In Segovia I visited the Roman aqueduct, slender arches of dark granite which stride heavily across the town, and the

Cathedral with its Brussels tapestries. I sat in a shady square to rest. It was quiet and here was the soft sound of bells from the Cathedral, the sudden rustle of the breeze among the leaves, a shout from a drover as a line of sad-eyed donkeys stepped noiselessly past in the deep sand of the road.

There are many lovely old houses in Segovia with carved lintels and elaborate rejas through which can be seen dark, cool rooms, the glint of plate and polished wood, girls sewing quietly at a table, and the stillness broken only by the tick of a clock, the clink of iron from some nearby workshop, the trill of a canary in an upstairs room.

From the Alcázar there was a splendid view across the Meseta, across the endless tawny stubble fields, a medley of ashen and ochre rocks and interspersed with clumps of bright green stone pines. The fields roll on like the waves of the sea, you can feel the lift and fall of the land. It is a sparse landscape under the azure sky, and there was no movement there, only two goshawks which hovered and side-slipped out in the sunlight towards the ice-blue curve of the mountains.

Below the castle, a fairy place turreted and pinnaced exposed to all the whirring breezes, were the long, hot roads of Castilla which twist and vacillate, cross a bluff and are lost.

This landscape is unique, once you have seen it nothing softer can satisfy you.

That evening I went to Avila by 'bus with a crowd of peasants. Some of them were shepherds, and they sat and looked out over the plain as the evening turned to rose, their ashen, scarred hands clasped over their staffs, saying nothing, yet when I began a conversation they were courteous at once. They have a strength and a quiet sadness about them, the Castellanos. Their movements are unhurried, their speech grave and slow. They have a wonderful innate dignity and calm assurance, and they possess natural wisdom and tact associated only with cultured people in other countries. To them time means nothing and they live close to death and look to ultimate things.

The people believe without understanding, the priest teaches through understanding, and the doctor gives his diagnosis without regard for belief or understanding. Three human activities, faith, reason, experience; that is Castilla.

My hotel at Avila was typical. Those in Castilla are generally very clean, but the rooms are bare. This one in Avila had a neglected air; a broken window pane was blocked with paper, there were old letters in the plain deal wardrobe, the wire for the electric light marched boldly across the ceiling instead of being concealed discreetly beneath the plaster.

In all the hotels where I stayed light streamed beneath the bedroom door all night, and there were continual noises of the kind made when the bailiffs dismantle one's home.

All the doors have distinctive squeaks, and you soon know which inmate is leaving his or her room and where they are going.

The bedrooms contain collections of advertising cards left by enterprising travellers, and one can pick up good tips on anything from cognac to soap. There is something charming about these incongruities, though, you pardon them as 'Cosas de Espana'.

From Avila I went to El Escorial. The fascination of its architecture is that it is so restrained, so beautifully grouped against the mountain background.

My final excursion in Castilla was to Aranjuez and Toledo. Aranjuez is like a paradise after the arid Meseta for suddenly there is shade, high trees, the muffled roar of the weir on the Tagus. The Baroque Palace, surrounded by a garden full of fountains, arbours and lines of cool elms, contains a unique collection of beautiful, gracious things, lustres from La Granja, porcelain from Moncloa, hangings from Talavera.

It was a delightful arrival at Toledo, a starry night, the laughter of travellers on the road from the station, the scent of gardens wafted beneath the trees, the lights twinkling over the Tagus, the sound of sheep bells from riverside pastures as I crossed the Puente de Alcántara.

There are so many things to see in Toledo; El Greco's house, the sombre Cathedral with its gold rejas and exquisite wood-carving, the Sephardim Church of Santa Maria La Blanca.

Above all, though, there is the arabic atmosphere created by the streets like the beds of rivers in a drought, the whitewashed houses with their cool patios, the arabesque tiles on the walls, the silver whip of a fountain in the sunlight, the shade from palms and vines.

It was later, when I was going to Valencia, that I saw the province of Cucoca, arid and pitifully barren, terrifying in its starkness, its relentlessness, like a landscape of the moon. For miles one sees no human being or habitation, and then suddenly there is a man in his sombrero de paja stumbling behind a wooden plough drawn by two donkeys, stumbling in the dancing heat over the hard, bitter soil.

The towns are sad places, a surge of houses up the rock face topped by a high-shouldered red brick church. From a distance they appear still and deserted as if a plague had settled on them. As you pass through you see just a jumble of adobe houses with

decaying roofs eaten up by the sun, and wide, dusty roads where curs run barking and children play.

Bound for green, prosperous Valencia I looked out on to that land seared by the sun and wind, the hard, high land relieved only by lines of silver-rippling poplars which have a profound, intense life of their own in the reposed sadness of the plain, and I could see how Morales and Ribera could paint those pictures of Christ's poor scarred, pitted body; they painted their own land in those pictures, the proud and long-suffering land of Castilla, 'Tiena immortal, Castilla de la innerte'.

T. B. A. GUNNELL.

THE RIDE

The wind, on a wild white horse, swept in from the sea:
Plunged in on the beating waves, where the cliffs stand torn,
And laughing their pale cold barriers to scorn
Rode on in the full free rein of his ecstasy;
Swept over the hill, and ruffling the sweeping mane
Of his great white son of the storm, he sent it fleet
Where it grazed the grey-green grass with its flying feet
And freckled the leaping leagues with foam in its train.
Then he rode down the valley beyond, and, trampling sheaves
Respilling their gathered gold to the cringing cows,
He slashed at the tree-tops: drunk in his mad carouse
He laughed aloud in a riot of twirling leaves.

But sudden he stopped, and listened. And when the roar
Of his own cloud-shattering thunder checked and died,
Came silence stepping, changeless as before,
And the valley hushed to its cold imperious stride
Then the white horse reared, and, flayed with the lightning-fires,
Storm-driven, stung with its master's cruel cry,
Plunged shrieking back, foam-flecking the reddened sky
With the bitter wrack of its master's dead desires.
'Till the wind leapt down at last where waters swept,
Where the sea-gulls scream in their madness evermore,
And his steed went wheeling away down the weary shore;
And he flung him down on the hollow stones, and wept.

ROSEMARY KEECH.

MEN AT ARMS

Chapman and Hall, 1952, 15/-

Men at Arms is the first of a trilogy of novels in which, according to the publishers, Mr. Waugh hopes to recount 'the phases of a long love affair, full of vicissitudes, between a civilian and the army'. I look forward with mixed feelings to the volumes to come, for this is a return, in some measure, to the solemnities of *Brideshead Revisited*, that depressing analysis of—to quote Henry Reed—'the workings of the divine spirit through an aristocratic Catholic family in England'. Not that *Men at Arms* continues this particular theme; although the hero, Guy Crouchback, is a Catholic he seeks fulfilment and spiritual regeneration not through the Church but through the self sacrifice of war. The book deals with his first year as an officer in the Royal Corps of Halberdiers.

This is not the first time Mr. Waugh has dealt with the opening months of the war. In *Put Out More Flags* he has delightfully pilloried the foibles and pomposities of authority, both civil and military. That was a superbly funny book, written with all the satirical audacity and impudent high spirits which delighted so many readers in *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. It is true that the characters in these novels have no scruples worth mentioning, but the brilliance of the satire ensures a willing suspension of moral judgement, so that even Basil Seal, selfish, ill-mannered, and dishonest, is, to use a favourite word of Mr. Waugh's, *simpatico*. The point is, I suppose, that Mr. Waugh's comic works are novels of pure wit; the characters are as remote from reality as the elegant conversationalists of Thomas Love Peacock; they have nothing to do with the moral values of the world of flesh and blood. The curious ruthlessness of the plots, the exotic vices of the characters, and the social and political prejudices of the author, are all part of a dreamlike world of fantasy.

But in *Brideshead Revisited*, and now again in *Men at Arms*, seriousness keeps breaking in, and the result is unfortunate. Charles Ryder's preoccupation with the tortured souls and joyless love-lives of the Catholic aristocracy, or Guy Crouchback's coy dedication of himself to the Corps of Halberdiers—'he loved the whole Corps deeply and tenderly'—are poor compensation for the absence of Mr. Waugh's inimitable irreverence. Worse still, in both novels the author's less attractive qualities are uncompromisingly apparent. Most distasteful is an irritating snobbishness, which in the comic novels is hardly noticed. It is, we gather, the selfless sacrifice of our ancient families which gives war its poignancy:

'These men must die to make a world for Hooper; they were the aborigines, vermin by right of law, to be shot off at leisure so that things might be safe for the travelling salesman . . .'

(*Brideshead Revisited*.)

Hooper, it should be explained, is an officer, though no gentleman. Unlike the hero he has risen from the ranks, and has a 'flat, Midland accent'. Mr. Waugh is very conscious of social distinctions of this kind: in *Men at Arms* we find that Trimmer, 'the only member of the batch whom Guy definitely disliked', and whom the Corps ignominiously rejects, has 'a slightly refined Cockney accent'. An unacceptable accent seems to be the one unforgivable sin.

Men at Arms offends less than *Brideshead Revisited* in this respect, but I must admit that I found very little to my taste in its main theme. I am embarrassed, rather than uplifted, by Guy's hero-worshipping passion for the army, and I cannot share his reverence for the ceremonies and etiquette of the officers' mess. In the opening chapters, which describe Guy's unsuccessful attempts to get into uniform, the atmosphere of self-dedication is particularly stifling:

'Tony was rich in love and promise. He himself destitute, possessed of nothing save a few dry grains of faith. Why could he not go to France in Tony's place, to the neat little wound or the barbarous prison?

But next morning as he knelt at the altar-rail beside Angela and Tony he seemed to hear his answer in the words of the canon: *Domine non sum dignus*.'

Vile Bodies has a word for it: 'too, too sick-making'.

Once Guy has been accepted by the Corps of Halberdiers, however, the atmosphere lightens, though we hear much of the progress of his 'love affair', with all its joys and disappointments, and the story ends on a sombre note, with Guy and the army somewhat estranged. Fortunately there is more to the book than this; the description of Guy's training and of his early experiences as a platoon commander is admirable; the technicalities of army administration become, in Mr. Waugh's capable hands, a source of unexpected interest and amusement; and the reproduction of the unforgettable tension of the Dunkirk period is almost uncomfortably authentic. It is hardly necessary to mention the excellence of the dialogue—Mr. Waugh has nothing to learn here.

But the novel is really redeemed by the tremendous figure of Apthorpe. Blandly unscrupulous, self-important, completely humourless, full of unlikely and esoteric scraps of information, wildly improbable yet as much a creature of this world as Falstaff himself, Apthorpe is in the ripest Waugh tradition, but seen in

three dimensions; whenever he appears the novel seems to leap into life. The episode of Apthorpe, the Brigadier, and the thunder-box is flawless in conception and execution; it is the only part of the book which I feel any real desire to read again.

At the end of the book Apthorpe dies. I cannot imagine what Mr. Waugh will do without him.

J. N. SWANNELL.

THE CONCERTO

EDITED BY RALPH HILL

(Penguin Books, 1952. 3/6.)

This is a companion to the same editor's book on *The Symphony* which appeared in 1949. Although Ralph Hill died before he could see this book through the press, we are told that the plan of the work is his. The chapter on Brahms, which he intended to write himself, is the work of Hubert Foss.

Throughout this book the word 'concerto' is understood in its present-day popular sense, which accounts for the omission of the Italian Concerto and the Brandenburgs from the section on Bach; these, however, are accorded due mention in the excellent introductory essay by J. Raymond Tobin on *The Concerto and its Development*. Six concertos by Bach are analysed; Mozart naturally gets the largest share with a total of eighteen, the majority of which are for piano; and the total concerto output of Beethoven (seven) and Brahms (four) is included. The twentieth century, too, is well represented, covering about one-third of the entire work. In contrast to *The Symphony*, which strangely omitted Walton, Moeran and Rubbra, *The Concerto* does not show any obvious gaps, though (as another reviewer has already said) it is perhaps a pity that a Handel concerto and Weber's 'Concertstück' are not included.

The volume is addressed primarily to those who listen at home to their radio set or gramophone, and seeks to guide them by means of full analysis and plentiful quotation of themes. For the classical and romantic concertos this works well, but when one comes to the twentieth century much more is demanded of the reader. Not everyone will possess a score of the particular work under discussion (some scores, e.g. Szymanowski's First Violin Concerto, are not readily available), but references to the score

are frequent. And finally, when we reach Mosco Carner's chapter on Alban Berg, we are warned that 'this essay is long and does not shirk technicalities'. What we have here is both a detailed analysis of Berg's Violin Concerto and a most masterly essay on the twelve-note system, and these, as one will expect from their distinguished author, are in the highest order of musical scholarship and exegesis; none the less it must be frankly admitted that they are a matter for the musical specialist. But it is impossible to see how such a subject could be treated otherwise.

It is perhaps inevitable in these times that in a book of this kind a few errors and misprints should occur. The following may be noted: p. 11, last line of footnote, read '*Giuoco*'; p. 13, line 17, read 'six-four on the dominant'; p. 16, line 14, read '*tacet*'; p. 72, above Ex. 52, for 'minims' read 'semibreves'; p. 105, third line below Ex. 152, read 'alternation'; p. 230, line 10, read 'Leopold'; p. 307, line 16, read 'secret evolutionary bond'; p. 308, line 12 from bottom, read 'sheer'; p. 338, line 4, read 'Mengelberg'. Without access to the score it is hard to see what is meant by saying that 'the large orchestra' (used in Szymanowski's Violin Concerto) 'includes . . . piano and orchestra' (p. 359); perhaps 'orchestra' here is a mistake for 'celesta'. And the dog-Latin near the foot of p. 432 (perpetrated, we are told, by Sacheverell Sitwell) screams for emendation. Music-type quotations are, of course, notoriously liable to error, and this book is regrettably not free from fault in this respect. (See Exx. 2, 16, 63, 78, in the section on Mozart; Delius, Ex. 15; Rachmaninov, Exx. 6 and 16; Bloch, Ex. 26; Berg, Ex. 6, in the second bar of which the first note of the semiquaver group should be G *natural*; and on p. 437, Ex. 4, the first note of the second full bar (right hand) should be F sharp). On p. 69 we hear of 'an entirely new subject, Ex. 44', but this has already been quoted as having previously occurred; presumably this is a mistake for 'Ex. 45'. Apropos of Mendelssohn, it is said that no concerto in the standard repertory of to-day was composed between 1809 and 1831; but this fails to take account of the two Chopin concertos of 1829 and 1830 mentioned in the very next chapter. Lastly, in the chapter on Ravel, the division of Ex. 5 between pp. 313-314 is most unfortunate. (Incidentally, another misprint in the music-type occurs in the first full bar, bottom stave.)

But it will be seen that these are for the most part minor accidents, and it would be most ungenerous to attach too much weight to them in arriving at an estimate of the work as a whole. It would in fact be difficult and perhaps invidious to single out any particular chapter as of outstanding merit in a work which, in spite of its modest aims, is of a very high standard throughout. One may perhaps, however, instance the chapters on Schumann, Brahms, Sibelius, Grieg and Delius as examples of the way in

which this kind of work should be done. And the more advanced music-lover with some knowledge of the technicalities will find in the essays on Bartók and Berg much that is revealing and stimulating. After reading Julian Herbage on Tchaikovsky one can only feel profound pity for those who are unfortunate enough to dislike the B flat minor concerto; and the same writer quite justly castigates the only recording extant of the Second Concerto (in G major) for its many divergences from the published score. Finally, it will no doubt be of interest to note that contemporary English composers are well represented; there is an excellent chapter on Walton's three concertos by Scott Goddard, and William Mann deals thoroughly and well, although in a somewhat short amount of space, with Bax, Bliss, Ireland, Moeran (only the Violin Concerto, however) and Vaughan Williams. If a subsequent edition should appear, perhaps space might be found for Alan Rawsthorne and Edmund Rubbra.

K. R. BROOKS

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